impressions from it.

THE CLEVER PRINCE.

A SYBARITE TURNED STATESMAN.

LOBANOFF'S ASTONISHING CAPACITY FOR WORK-WHO IS TO BE HIS SUCCESSOR?-POSSI-BLY M. DE WITTE.

To what extent the Russia of Nicholas II differs from the Russia of the three Alexanders Lebanoff, near Kieff, on Monday last. Muscois not one of them in the whole history of the out removing his clothes. great Empire of the North whose demise has The more one considers the question of filling faint interest, although each in turn had been the post. There is no other dignitary who can terms of years. Yet Lobanoff, after barely sian Ambassador at Berlin, who was at one motwelve months' tenure of office as Foreign Min- ment regarded as a possible successor of M. deister, leaves behind him as he vanishes from Glers, has since then made such a discust failure the scene the impression that, of all his country- of the Governor-Generalship of Poland as to be men, he was the most indispensable, the one, in altogether out of the running, while it is only hand, not that of the Czar, that was on the lights of society in St. Petersburg who would throttle of the vast Empire. It is to his politi- ever dream of putting forward the names of cal sagacity and foresight that the radical trans- Baron de Mohrenheim or M. Nelidoff for the formation of Russia's foreign policy in the last office. The Baron is indebted for his mainte-



to Finland of her old-time constitutional rights, the amelioration of the treatment of the Poles and Jews, and, above all, the opening up of the country to foreign capital and enterprise, it must be ascribed to the all-predominant influthe amelioration of the treatment of the Poles ence of Prince Lobanoff.

No one, save, perhaps, young Nicholas, ever dreamed that the Prince had it in him to make so great a mark. Most people, even persons who could boast an intimate acquaintance with him, fondly imagined that he would continue as Minister of Foreign Affairs at St. Petersburg the "far niente" existence of a luxurious Sybarite, devoted only to art and literature, that he had led while Ambassador at Stamboul, at London and at Vienna. From the very mo ment, however, that he assumed control of the reins that had hung so loosely and almost aimlessly in the feeble hands of M. de Giers, his whole being seemed to undergo a change. He suddenly developed the most astounding capacity for work, and during the relatively few months that he remained in office could boast of having made his presence felt keenly in every country of Europe, in Africa, and especially in Asia, where he managed without putting a single soldier into the field, and, so to speak, by a mere wave of the hand, to arrest the victorious march of the Japanese army on Peking, besides com pelling the 'likado to consent to a peace that not only roished him of the fruits of all the milliprived him of what he had possessed even prior to the conflict, namely, the virtual supremacy in Carea.

to the conflict, namely, the virtual supremacy in Corea.

Of course his work was greatly facilitated by the absolute and almost touching confidence reposed in him by the Czar, a confidence which Nicholas is unlikely to ever concede again to the same extent to any of his lieges. For he will same extent to any of his lieges. For he will same extent to any of his lieges. For he will same extent to any of his lieges. For he will same extent to any of his lieges for he will same extent to any of his lieges. For he will same extent to any of his lieges for he will same extent of his birth and the vastness of his fortune, is rendered superior to every susplicion of sacrificing the interests of his country to personal considerations of ambition, wealth and associations. Indeed, to Nicholas the loss of his most trusted adviser must appear just at present to be irreparable. For, unlike his bother Emperor of Germany, he is exceedingly diffident about himself, and realizes acutely the extent to which, by reason of his youth, he lacks extent to which, by reason of his youth, he lacks that experience which is needed to govern an empire so huge as that of Ali the Russiar. That the why so little is heard of him, and why he keeps so huge as that of Ali the Russiar. That the why so little is heard of him, and why he keeps so huge as that of Ali the Russiar. That the much his own impulse and judgment, being modupn his own impulse and judgm est enough to appreciate the fact that the latter is in many instances immature. Moreover, he dreads the perpetration of any injustice in his name, the solicitude which both the Empress and himself manifest in this particular respect commanding sympathetic regard, if not admiration. Having until now left the conduct of Russta's foreign affairs wholly in the hands of Prince Lobanoff, he has endeavored to exercise a strict supervision over the internal administration, reads conscientiously every report submitted to him, and frequently indorses them with the words "to be further reported upon to me," or "nothing to be done in this case until additional information is furnished."

There are, however, two departments in the domestic affairs of the Empire in which he makes no attempt to interfere, namely, in the Ministries of Finance and of Ways and Means, to the latter being intrusted the control of all the railroads, state as well as torporate. At the head of the Department of Ways and Means is Prince Khiloff, an ex-officer of the Chevaller Guards, who, after squandering two fortunes, came to America to earn his bread, and worked as a fireman and then as an engine-dryer on the New-York Central Railroad. It is, in fact, here that he obtained that practical experience of the various branches of railroad idministration which has served him to good stead in his present position, to which he has risen tep by step in the State Railroad Department of Russia.

M. de Witte, a man equally high in the regard of the Czar by reason of its unimpeachable honesty, his grit and enlighened and progressive zeal, is at the head of the Ministry of Finance; and although he has no advantage of noble birth or diplomatic training, and lacks that marvellous and broad experience of international affairs which so distinguished Prince Lobanoff. it is by no means improbabl that he may be called upon to succeed to the atter's office. No appointment, it may be added, would be calculated to inspire greater confidenc, both at home and abroad.

Fifteen years ago he was a mere village station-master on the railroad linefrom Kieff to Odessa, and he is indebted for his apid rise and promotion to the fact that on or memorable occasion he disobeyed orders. Hehad received certain instructions with regard & the transportation of troops to Bulgaria, and finding that compliance therewith would have resulted in hopeless confusion, he took upon hinself to act in direct opposition thereto. Called b account for his disobedience, he was able to prive to the satisfaction of his superiors that he had acted in the only manner certain to be successful and

that the orders transmitted to him were entirely wrong. This attracted the attention of M. Vishnegradski, who was at that time the president of the railroad on which M. de Witte was employed. On M. Vishnegradski becoming Minister of Finance, he brought the young sintionmaster with him to St. Petersburg, where he rapidly promoted him from one post to another STORY OF THE INVENTOR'S LIFE, HIS EARLY until, four years ago, he succeeded him as Min-

ister of Finance. M. de Witte is about fifty years of I. wears a and of Nicholas I is apparent from the void cre- full beard, his hair rather long, and dresses very graphic picture, whether original or a reproduction ated in what is known as the "Concert of Eu- badly. He always looks as if he were a man enrope" by the tragically sudden death of Prince | gaged in scientific pursuits who had been up all night endeavoring to solve some abstruse probvite statesmen have come and gone, but there | lem, and then had taken a few hours' rest with-

given rise to the sense of loss caused both at the place of Prince Lobanoff, the stronger benome and abroad by the disappearance of the comes the conviction that M. de Witte, who was Prince. The deaths of Nesselrode, of Lieven; created a count some two years ago, is the only Gortschakoff, and of De Giers excited but statesman in Russia who is in any way fitted for nominally intrusted with the direction of the in any way pretend to rival his qualifications for foreign relations of Russia throughout long the office. Count Schouvaloff, the former Rusfact, who could least be spared. It was his people who are lamentably ignorant of the sideyear is due-a transformation which has had nance at the head of the Russian Embassy at Paris solely and entirely to the part which he played in bringing about the marriage between the late Czar and Princess Dagmar of Denmark. and had it not been for the interest exercised in his behalf by the now widowed Czarina, as well as by the old Queen of Denmark, he would have been recalled long ago and shelved, notably at the time of the so-called forged letter scandal into which he permitted himself to be dragged,

the effect of transferring the centre of international gravity from Berlin, Paris and London to St. Petersburg. And if, of late, the Muscovite Government has manifested in domestic affairs signs of greater tolerance, enlightenment and progress, such as, for instance, the restoration to Finland of her old-time constitutional rights, into Science of the treatment of the Poles into services of the treatment of the Poles.

maireasance and dishonesty. But the possi-bility of such an appointment need not be taken into serious consideration. Emperor Ni holas boss-tage a for

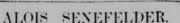


which is only equalled by that which her hus-band enjoys at Constantinople for unscrupu-lousness, would hardly care to raise either hus-

SHE JUST WANTED TO KNOW.

From The Washington Star.

It was not necessary for the men in line at the bank to turn their heads in order to be informed that a good-looking young woman was approaching. The winsomely bland smile which flowed necross the countenance of the clerk at the window econveyed the information swiftly and conclusively. "Excuse me, she said as she took her place at the head of the procession—a place which strong and brave men could have reached only by wading through gore—"I would like to ask you a question." From The Washington Star.



THE MEMORY OF THE FATHER OF LITHOGRAPHY TO BE HONORED.

STRUGGLES AND OF HIS DISCOVERY-ITS

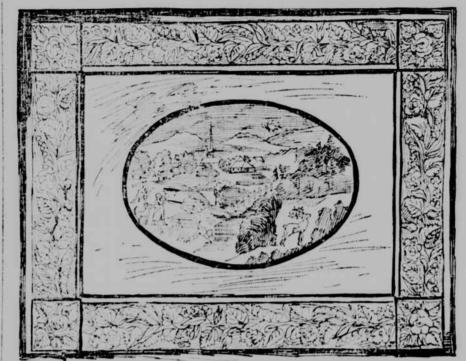
of a painting, is an artistic reminder of the greatness of Alois Schefelder and of the debt which the artistic world owes him, there seems to be general satisfaction in lithegraphic circles over the fact that the inventor will be publicly honored on the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary of his

Joseph R. Keogh was chairman and Ernest Lauckbration would take the form of an exhibition of all history and growth of the art from its birth to the present day, Blustrated by specimens and prints from the earliest date and from all civilized countries. The exhibition will take place on October 19 and 17, and in the course of the ressions lectures will be delivered on the history, progress and deous inventions made from time to time, both chemial and mechanical, will be exhibited. With the approach of the centennial celebration the story of Senefelder, his poverty, his accidental discovery of an art by means of which the whole civilized earth

from the stone, nor was there even a drop of ink in the inkstand. As the matter would not admit of delay, and we had nobody in the house to send for a supply of the deficient materials, I resolved to write the list with my ink prepared with wax, soap and lampblack on the stone which I had just pol ished and from which I could copy it at leisure. Some time after this I was just going to wipe this writing from the stone, when the idea all at once struck me to try what would be the effect of such a writing with my prepared ink if I were to bite it in the stone with acua fortis, and whether, perhaps, it might not be possible to apply printing ink to it in the same way as to wood engravings, and so take

The experiment was successful, and Senefelder was shrewd enough to know the value of his discovery. He looked forward to a patent, and, as he expressed it, to "some assistance from the Government, which in similar instances had shown the greatest liberality in encouraging and promoting new inventions which I had thought less impor-He found a friend in Munich, a musician in the Elector's band, who was willing to enter into a business partnership with him. A copper press was and in two weeks the firm divided a net profit of seventy florins. But, despite the goodwill of the Elector and numerous orders for work which were received by the new firm, the defects in the early process were so numerous that satisfactory work could not be turned out at a profit. kept at work industriously, and before he died, in 1834, he had elaborated all the processes now in general use, except photo-lithography. Although he remained poor to the end of his days, he had the satisfaction of seeing his invention introduced in every civilized country, and of knowing that it had become a potent factor in the commercial world.

was born in the city of Prague, in Bohemia, on November 6 1771. He was christened in the Church of While experimenting the process a possibility He worked for years in Soinhofen, Bavaria, While experimenting in the little Bavarian village



THE FIRST LITHOGRAPHIC STONE.



Copyright, 1890, by Puchs & Lang.

much time to discover a means by which type might be done away with. Etching on copper was one of his first experiments. But copper was too dear, and all his work had to be written backward.
Finally he devised a compound of wax, soap and lampblack, which he formed into sticks and with a solution formed from them he wrote on the backs of polished floor tiles, which were quarried near Munich, where he then lived, at the village of Solnhofen. "These sticks of retouching Ink," says Leuis Prang, in his biography, "formed the first and most important step toward the final invention

of lithography."
In 1795, and, according to some writers, in 1796, the incident occurred which, according to most authori-ties on the subject, was the first step toward the invention. Senefelder was at that time practising writing backward with his ink on the polished tiles.

through gore. I would be too.

"Certainly."

"Are times really hard."

"Are times really hard."

"Are times really hard."

"Are times really hard."

"The list any use trying to conceal it. In a good many branches of industry the depression is yery scrious.

"I'm ever so much obliged to you," she responded and turned to go away.

"If you were worrying about any particular investment I might be able to give you some advice."

"No. It wasn't about anything especial. I just whited to satisfy myself that times are hard, wanted to satisfy myself that times are hard, wanted to satisfy myself that times are hard, which I satisfy myself that times are hard, wanted to satisfy myself that times are hard, which I satisfy myself that times are hard. I happened not to have even the smallest slip of to come and fine out for certain whether times are hard, and or whether it is merely the same story that hard or whether it is merely that the same story that hard or wheth



THE ROLLING OF THE LOG.

OR POST-THE CRITICS INDEED! POOR! WHY THERE'S ONLY ONE ENGLISH CRITICS WORTHY OF THE NAME-AND THAT'S YOUNG OLIVER QUILDEON, WHOSE LITERARY PAULTLESS AS HIS LITERARY ILDGMENT IN INFALLBRE! HE'S A HEAVENBORN IVE SAID AS MUCH IN AN ARTICLE I'VE WRITTEN ABOUT HIM IN THIS WEEKS VERY MINOR POET THE CRITICS INDEED THAT'S YOUNG OLIVER QUILDSON. WHOSE LITERARY LIVING, WHO'S WORTHY OF THE NAME AND THAT'S YOUNG OLIVER QUILDSON. WHO'S WORTHY OF THE RANGE AND THE SAY FAILTLESS AS HIS LITERARY JUDGMENT IS INFALLBREE. HE'S A HEAVENBORN STYLE IS AS FAILTLESS AS HIS LITERARY JUDGMENT IS INFINITE ABOUT HIM IN THIS WEEK'S STYLE IS AND I'VE SAID AS MUCH IN AN ARTICLE I'VE WRITTEN ABOUT HIM IN THIS WEEK'S GARDELY AND AN ADMIRER OF THE BARD'S—OLIVER QUILDSON? LET ME SEE: ISN'T THAT THE MAN WHO SAID AN ADMIRER OF THE BARD'S—OLIVER QUILDSON? LET ME SEE: ISN'T THAT THE MAN WHO SAID IN A ADMIRER OF THE BARD'S—OLIVER QUILDSON? LET ME SEE: ISN'T THAT THE MAN WHO SAID IN A ADMIRER OF THE BARD'S HAPPY KNACKER' THAT YOU WERE MILES ABOUT THAT ON'S BEST?

IN LAST WEEK'S "HAPPY KNACKER" THAT YOU WITH MILTON'S BEST?

IN LAST WEEK'S "HAPPY KNACKER" THAT YOU WITH MILTON'S BEST?

IN LAST WEEK'S "HAPPY KNACKER" THAT YOU WITH MILTON'S BEST?

IN LAST WEEK'S "HAPPY KNACKER" THAT YOU WITH MILTON'S BEST?

IN LAST WEEK'S "HAPPY KNACKER" THAT YOU WITH MILTON'S BEST?

IN LAST WEEK'S "HAPPY KNACKER" THAT YOU WERE MILES ABOUT THAT SORT, I BELIEVE—(Punch V. P. A. A. YES, BY THE WAY, HE DID SAY SOMETHING OF THAT SORT, I BELIEVE—(Punch V. P. A. A. YES, BY THE WAY, HE DID SAY SOMETHING OF THAT SORT, I BELIEVE—(Punch V. P. A. A. YES, BY THE WAY, HE DID SAY SOMETHING OF THAT SORT, I BELIEVE—(Punch V. P. A. A. YES, BY THE WAY, HE DID SAY SOMETHING OF THAT SORT, I BELIEVE—(Punch V. P. A. A. YES, BY THE WAY, HE DID SAY SOMETHING OF THAT SORT, I BELIEVE—(Punch V. P. A. A. YES, BY THE WAY, HE DID SAY SOMETHING OF THAT SORT, I BELIEVE—(PUNCH V. P. A. A. YES, BY THE WAY, HE DID SAY SOMETHING OF THAT SORT, I BELIEVE—(PUNCH V. P. A. A. YES, BY THE WAY, HE DID SAY SOMETHING OF THAT SORT, I BELIEVE—(PUNCH V. P. A. A. YES, BY THE WAY, HE DID SAY SOMETHING OF THAT SORT, I BELIEVE—(PUNCH V. P. A. YES, BY THE WAY, HE DID SAY SOMETHING OF THE SAY

St. Gallus and received the name of Rohemia's he lived with a Herr Schindel, who owned land on patron saint, Johann Nepomuk, and an additional Franz Alois. He wished evidently not to be known as a Roheman for he had a land on the stone necessary for Senefelder's experiments was found. He showed deep interest in the as a Bohemian, for he dropped the Nepatnuk and work and befriended the struggling inventor An was known as Johann Alois in official documents interesting relic of the inventor's sojourn at Solnand as Alois in his home. His biographers say that hofen is now in New-York, and will possibly be one he wanted to follow his father's profession, but was prevailed upon to study law, and, while a student, wrote poetry which was favorably received that the poetry which was favorably received that the poetry which was favorably received to the poetry which was favorably received to fine poetry which was favorably received to fine poetry which was favorably received to fine poetry was made by Schefelder on a slab of Solnhofen stone, and was presented by him to his host. Schindel, when he returned to Munich work to support his eight younger sisters and its until a few years ago, when it was bought by brothers. For two years he wrote plays and acted. Julius Lang, president of the Fuchs & Lang. parts in them, and then he withdrew from the Manufacturing Company, who had to sign an stage and devoted himself to writing that Sene- agreement when he received the valuable relic parts in them, and then be withdrew from the stage and devoted himself to writing Bat Senefelder was no business man, and he soon found himself too poor to pay for publishing his works, and he determined to become his own printer. He tried various methods of printing and devoted tried various methods of printing and devoted tried various methods of printing and devoted.

Manufacturing Company, who had to sign an agreement when he received the valuable relic that he would not dispose of it for money or otherwise, except to the original owners or their heirs. Those who have seen the picture say that it shows that Senefelder was an aritist as well as a mechanic, and that he was conversant with some of the processes in the art which are still in daily use. Mr. Lang said that the border which surrounds the landscape had attracted the most attention on the part of practical followers of the art which will be exhibited at the content attention on the part of practical followers of the art which will be exhibited at the content of the processes in the art which will be exhibited at the content of the processes in the art which will be exhibited at the content of the processes in the art which will be exhibited at the content of the processes in the art which will be exhibited at the content of the processes in the art which will be exhibited at the content of the processes in the art which will be exhibited at the content of the processes in the art which will be exhibited at the content of the processes in the art which will be exhibited at the content of the processes in the art which will be exhibited at the content of the processes in the art which will be exhibited.

commerce an heirloom of inestimable value. Aside from the artistic work to which the discovery has given rise, it is difficult to find any branch of business in which it does not play a prominent partable from the tiny label and the longer-proof bank check to the monster circus poster the work of the commercial lithographer meets the eye at every turn. Great mechanical paints have been established all over the world from which work is delivered which reaches very strata of society. The works of the masters of past generations are placed within the reach of the misses by means of the art, and the painter may, through it, see his work reproduced in the spirit as conceived by him. Even now, when preparations are under way for the celebration of the lithographic centennial, some artists have been heard to say that the lithographic reproductions of pictures and the "cheapening of art" and making it a slave to commerce may have a tender to the main whose discovery made the reproductions a possibility, and that is that his memory should be honored and that his rame should be glorified.

"I reckon yer changed yer mind, now, hain't yer, sonny."

If ever any one felt like murder I did that moment and the lith of properties to made and tallow for a month, and just headed with the oid ruffian. I told him I had been filling up on beans and tallow for a month, and just head the chance of one decent meal. I urged him to join me, bribed him with drinks, it was no use. Jest a beetle bit, sonny, jest a beetle bit more, he distinct the chance of one decent meal. I urged him to join me, bribed him with drinks, it was no use. Jest a beetle bit, sonny, jest a beetle bit more, he distinct the chance of one decent meal. I urged him to join me, bribed him with drinks, it was no use. Jest a beetle bit, sonny, jest a beetle bit more, he distinct the chance of one decent meal. I urged him to join me, bribed him with drinks, it was no use. Jest a beetle bit, sonny, jest a beetle bit more, it was not like the chance of one decent meal. I ur ng has bequeathed to art and u of inestimable value. Aside Treckon yer chan

FATAL REALISM ON THE STAGE.

TIONS THAT HAVE ENDED IN LOSS OF LIFE.

Such a piece of realism on the stage as that which occurred in a London theatre the other day, where one actor in a duel scene inflicted through a mishap a mortal wound upon one of his stage comrades, is by no means infrequent. Accidents, fatal and seri-ous, humorous and tragle, constantly occur in stage-land, and many an actor can show scars received in the mimic strife. The traditions of the stage are

Milan, in the presence of royalty itself. It was at the chief operatic sensation. In the closing act the way to prison. He turns to battle with his guards, Diavolo dies. On this particular night the picturfall, so that he would remain the central figure of duced what appeared to the audience some new besiness. He gave one short, despatring shrick, and then fell forward from his elevation into the wery midst of the chorus of soldiers and villagers. When the members of the company ran to pick

up the singer he was dead. A bullet had pierced his heart. In the confusion one of the soldiers, a heardless youth and a recent addition to the chorus, quietly passed out of the theatre. He was pursued and arrested two days later, when the romantle and afrested two days face, when the folial discovery was made that the young soldier was, in fact, a beautiful girl in love with the tenor. They had quarrelled some time before, and, unknown to him, the girl joined the chorus of La Scala, loaded the property gun with a deadly bullet, and thus introduced some startling realism on the Italian stage.

If statistics of theatrical accidents were compiled. it would be curious to note the large number of mishaps which happen in the performance of "Rome and Juliet." More than one well-known actor bears on his face and body the marks and scars inflicted on his face and body the marks and scars inflicted by rapiers in the quarrel scene in the famous tragedy. A few years ago at a performance of "Romeo and Juliet" in Manchester. England, the conclusion of the play was tragic, indeed. The actors were amateurs. All were greatly excited, and the two representatives of Mercutio and Tybalt fought with an unhappy realism. A purely accidental thrust by Mercutio caused Tybalt to fall to the floor, and before the audience understood what was the matter the unfortunate Tybalt had expired. Fortunately for the Mercutio of the performance, a coroner's jury returned a verdiet of "death by misadventure".

coroner's jury returned a verdiet of "death by misadventure"

William Terriss once had a narrow escape from
William Terriss once had a narrow escape from
death in the representation of this tragedy. "I had
a little experience," he says, "in the run of 'Romeo
and Juliet,' when produced by Miss Mary Anderson, which taught me to beware of stage weapons.
I was once playing Romeo to the Juliet of the late
Adelaide Neibson, at the Haymarket, when I
equipped myself with a dagger sharp as a razor. At
one of the dress rehearsals Miss Neilson noticed
this weapon, and carnestly entreated me to substitute a blunted weapon for it. I did so, and thanked
her for her suggestion. During the Lyceum run of
'Romeo and Juliet' I forgot her wise counsel, and
the result was that I fell on my own dagger, which
was so sharp that it pierced me in the side, Since
then I have taken the lesson to heart."

TEXAS TALES.

A WATERMELON DINNER-AN EPISODE OF SEMI-STARVATION.

San Antonio, August 15, "No," said the cowboy, with a smile, as he pushed away the plate holding a segment of dewy, pinky fruit, "I don't eat watermelon, and I'll tell you why. "I was quite a youngster when I got the ranch fever and started out with a cousin of about my own age for a big cattle ranch in Texas, in which his father was financially interested. It was our first trip of the kind, and we were both young and

pretty green-typical tenderfeet, in fact. The ranch was ninety-five long, weary miles from the nearest town and railroad, and you can fancy our feelings when, after riding over this distance on two of the most angular little Texas bronchos ever given to equestrian novices, we arrived at our destination to find no one at home but the care-taker and a couple of men, all the rest having gone off on a long roundup. It was early autumn, and fine weather, but the place looked dismal enough. not a suggestion of civilized comfort. The careaker advised us to remain; said we might be sent for any moment to join the outfit, as there was a we would have to rough it, as provisions were pret-

"It wasn't precisely what we had anticipated when we made our glit-edged plans at home, but we couldn't turn back at once, and, to tell the honest truth, we didn't want to strike that return traff to the railroad until our bruises had healed up a little We did rough it, for sure. Our diet was principally beans and tailow, not appetizing, although we were hungry enough at meaitimes to eat shoe leather. We generally practised riding and roping all day under the tuttion of the caretaker, in order to fill the bill if sent for suddenly to join the outfit; and we took a general lesson in caring for the stock and working round the place.

"After about three weeks of it my courin gave out, said his stomach wouldn't stand any more beans, and he was going to start for civilization; he So he left in disgust, but I staid on. I had come to I expected to rough it a good deal, and although I didn't altogether enjoy it, I wanted to see the thing through.

A week later word was received at the ranch that one of the boys had been hurt, and as I was the most available of the home force. I was notified to start off and take his place. Perhaps you can imagine my importance. I fairly tristled with youthful pride. The outfit was about 150 miles to he south of us, and on my way there I was obliged to pass through the little town where my cousin and I left the railroad on arriving in Texas. It occurred month, and presumably of some future months, a good, square meal would gild the present moment, and possibly lend a halo to both past and future, so I proceeded to look up the best restaurant in town-sort of feeding trough in the slough of civflization it proved, with the queerest old duffer standing in the doorway. He was using a toothplek upon the one tooth

which graced his jaws, had jeans trousers stuffed into cowhide boots, and a dirty sombrero on the back of his grizzled old head, but his responses to my plea for dinner gave him for the moment an importance and attractive personality not possessed by the Governor of the State

- 'Have you any nice beefsteaks?' I asked,
- "'Can you broll me a good, big one?"
- "'Can you fry me some nice potatoes, crisp"

" 'And coffee "-but I didn't wait for another You bet.' I gave the order and sat down in the bar, my mouth fairly watering in anticipation of a real dinner once more. After a month of beans and tallow you can fancy what visions of julcy steak and nicebrowned potatoes flitted through my brain. I could just catch the fumes of the onion and pork frying deliciously, and fancied I could hear the little sizzle as the potato slices were dropped in.

"I was so intent upon the thought of my coming feast that I never noticed a great hulking fellow who walked into the bar, and, ordering a large watermelon, cut it open and began to eat. ently I heard him say in very mild tones-I should have taken warning from that very mildness, but I hadn't sense enough—'Have some meion, sonny !"
''No, thanks,' said I carelessiy.

" 'Oh, do: it's fine.' "Thanks, but I've ordered my grub." " 'Really, yer better try jest a little,' this rather

insinuatingly.

"If I had not been so infernally green I might have taken warning. As it was, what with my swelled head at the prospect of becoming a fullfledged cowboy and those dinner air castles, I lost

my temper. Twe already told you my grub is ordered. I

don't want your melon."
"'Waal now, I reckon ye'll change yer mind, sonny, now, won't cher?" and the first thing I knew I was looking down the mouth of his gun, pointed right at my nose and not a foot away. Talk of cannous! Why, that revolver barrel looked big enough for me to crawl into. I think I must have turned to the second of white.

with any one, and was earning my \$35 a month, with grub, right along; in fact, by reason of my relation ship to one of the ranch owners I was never laid off, even in the dull season. In all this time I had never gone home, although my people were constantly begging for a visit. I liked the life, the constant change and adventure; but one day I concluded I was tired of punching cows, and told the 'boss' I was going to take a vacation and go and see my

We were driving a big bunch of cattle to the railroad, and the boss asked me to take charge of them to Kansas City, where he promised to meet me at the company's office and settle up as to my me at the company's once and settle up as to my back pay. This meant a good deal to me, as I had let my wages remain with the firm for nearly two years, and had quite a pot of money coming to me. At the station I got my cattle aboard and we start-ed. It was beastly weather; no rain for weeks; dust simply awful: water, too, mighty scarce, and what there was had to go principally to the cattle

"I was walking over the tops of the cattle-cars the first night, when I happened to look down, and there, crouched on the little platform between the cars. was a tramp, his teeth chattering so you could hear it. It was fall weather, and the nights were bitterly cold, although the days were mild and His rags were scanty, and, indeed, he pleasant. His rags were sainly, and hold on. I salled down and found he had beaten his way from San Francisco, and was going-well, anywhere where meals and night's lodgings abound.

"He was one of your down-in-the-mouth tramps, the pitiful sort, like a homeless dog, so down you couldn't give him an extra kick; so I hauled him up, told him I had the right to a helper on my trip, but had neglected to bring one, and if he liked to take the job I would square it with the conductor. Jake, for that was his name, agreed, and for a makeshift human being, mostly bones and very little in the way of flesh and muscle to get about with, he did contrive to be very useful. He seemed to regard me as a sort of New Jerusalem shed down and round about him, and fairly crawled in the dust at my feet-there was enough of it to have covered him entirely, any way. All the money I had about me was a five-dollar bill, out of which I squeezed food

and extras for us both until we reached Kansas City.
"There I placed my bunch of cattle safely in the stockyard, and then, telling Jake to stick to me for I was going to get my stake, I started to look up the boss, who was to meet me at the office of the people to whom we had consigned the cattle. curred to me as Jake and I hustled through the streets that there was very little to choose between us in the matter of personal appearance. My breeches were almost in ribbons from the knees down, one of my cost sleeves had been nearly pulled off in a friendly scuffle, my flannel shirt was villely dirty, so was my sombrero; my hair was long and unkempt, and I had several days' growth of stubble on my chin. Still, I had so long been necustomed to think of men as men and not of their elothes, that I salie-I right into the office, bold as brass, and, finding the boss hadn't arrived, asked for a small advance, sixty cents being exactly the sum I had left in my apology for a pocket. You can pleture my state of mind when this modest request was curtly refused.

"But what am I to do?" I inquired.

"Wait for Mr. —, was the bland reply,
"And starve in the mean time? I was mad clean through. See here, my father is Judge —, Can't you lend me enough to telegraph him? Or you telestreets that there was very little to choose between

graph yourself, collect, and see that it's square."

"My good man'—I shall know better than to ever use that exasperating phrase to a desperate human being—we couldn't do it. Your story may be true, but we hear it in kind every day. Your appearance certainly does not bear out what you say."

"There was nothing for it but to rejoin Jake loitering outside. I told him the hole I was in, and really it was a comfort to find him so sympathetic. He suggested our trying to telegraph ourselves, but it was the same old story. We were simply too disreputable, Jake and I, for belief from anybody.

"We wandered round the town all day, dropping in at the office now and then to find—no boss. Toward night ve struck a fifteen-cent eating house and got a meal apiece, and a little later we found a sleeping place for fifteen cents apiece. It was a sort of roller-skating rink by day and at night was fitted up with wooden bunks. The park benches would have been bitterly cold, so we were mighty glad of even this; but it exhausted the whole of our remaining capital, and we rose to a breakfastless morning and a drizzling rain, too.

"Of course, I made straight for the office. No boss, No yielding on the part of the firm. When I came out, probably with murder in my eye, Jake fished out eighty cents and told me to come along to breakfast. I never have known where he got that money, whether he begged it or stole it, or had it in reserve as a little private fund for himself; but I did feel touched at the way he stuck to me. We visited our hash house again, slept in our wooden bunks again that night, but the following morning cur last cent went for a mite of breakfast, and was about crazy.

"I fairly haunted the office, and had just about made up my mind to waylay somebody in the street when the boss arrived. He thought it a good joke. I didn't. I gave him a piece of my mind, and also bed forth to tnose office duffers.

"My back pay amounted to about \$700, and when I came out with it in a little canvas bag Jake asked, as a matter of course.

both had a bath and a shave and a general trimming up.

"And now, Jake.' I said to my astonished companion, we're going to the swellest hotel in town to get the finest dinner we can order.' I ordered a meal which might have pleased the immortal Sidney Smith himself-wines, everything tip-top, How I did enjoy that dinner! And to see Jake looking away his food with his knife like a good fellow would have warmed your heart.
"We parted that night when I took the train East; but Jake had already, on the strength of his store clothes, obtained a job as a gripman on the cablecars, and as I left him a ten-dollar bill for immediate necessities I hope he got along all right. At all events, I never can turn the cold shoulder to a tramp. It might prove to be another Jake."

THE DEADLY MACHETE.

IT PLAYS AN IMPORTANT PART IN SPAN-ISH-AMERICAN COUNTRIES.

AT ONCE A KNIFE, A CLEARING-ANE AND A SWORD-ITS USES IN PEACE AND WAR.

For one who has never visited any of the Span fate is just now trembling in the balance, some-thing of an air of mystery hovers around an important article of traffic known as the machete. Shady notions of its actual mission pervade the general mind, and these notions are rendered still more dublous by the occasional references to it in the dispatches from the scene of the Cuban upris-The tale: told of it are tinged with blood, and pictures of dead faces looking horribly up to the stars rise like spectral terrors before the imagina-tion. Visions of frightfully mutilated bodies are born of Spanish reports of native outrages, and so the machete has a bad name. From an implement primarily intended for the civilizing processes of agricultural development it has been made to take prominence as a weapon, the most merciless, cruel and horrible known to modern times. Just as cards are considered demoralizing by many worthy people because of the base uses to which they have been brought by the passion of men for gaming, so the machete takes rank as an instrument of war;

It is contraband of war, and its importation to Cuba at the present time is under Spanish inter-



of peasant uprisings reveals how pruning hooks have been turned into swords; that a flail in the hands of a muscular yeoman was as good as the "morning star" of a hireling soldier, and that a pitchfork could be made to match the deadly effectiveness of a steel-pointed halberd. The machete, as it is known and used to-day, is

not materially changed in character, except, perhaps, in the durability of the material used, from what it was fifty years ago, and at its best it is an exaggerated cutlass or sabre. The blade of the modern machete is from twenty-two to twentyeight inches in length, according to the taste of the user and the use to which it is to be put. The blade is wider and thinner than the sabre blade, and of course the metal is not so highly tempered. In fact, in some of the cheaper grades emanating from England and Germany, where most of the machetes used to-day are manufactured, the blades are not tempered at all, so that the things are almost equally useless for peace or war. better grades, however, which may well be classed in the category of deadly weapons, especially in skilled hands. The blade is furnished with a handle of horn or bone; some, indeed, are furnished with a finger-guard, as though intended to be used

dle of horn or bone; some, indeed, are furnished with a finger-guard, as though intended to be used for defence in care of need. They are the almost inseparable companions of the natives of the West Indies and of many of the people of South American countries, and they are not unknown among the Mexicans, who use them among the mesquite hushes and in the chapparal thickets which cover thousands of acres in Southern Texas. With his trusty blade a Mexican will cut into a chapparal brush which he knows full well its alive with rattlesnakes, and will clear away acre after acre of the growth withour accident to his own person. Furtner south, in Honduras and in the tropical depths of the lower isthmus, the machete is indispensable to the native residents for clearing a path through well-nigh impenetrable forests.

But in Cuba and some other countries their particular utility is reserved for the cane and tobacco fields, and they have always been highly valued by the natives because of the difficulties placed in the way of securing guns and ammunition. It is almost a literal impossibility for any one to pass a rifle or revolver into Venezuela at the present time, Cartridges bring a fabulous price, creating a strong temptation to strain the limit silowed for the "captain's baggage" in any southward-bound vessel, for the reason that the belongings of that official are generally passed without question. Machetes, however, serve a peaceful end, and the rule generally is not so rigidly applied, except in the hour of revolution. Then those in power are made to feel how dangerous a thing it can become in the hands of a desperate man who is as skilled in its use as an expert fencer with ether foil or broadsword or sabre. There is probably more than a grain of truth in the reported wholesome fear of the Spaniards for a Cuban armed with a keen-edged machete, and certain it is that Spanish officials watch any attempt to export the microme fear of the Spaniards for a Cuban armed with a keen-edged machete, and certain it is that Spa

A LAND WITHOUT DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

From Science Siftings. From Science Siftings.

Japan is a land without the domestic animals, It is this lack which strikes the stranger 20 forcibly in looking upon Japanese landscapes. There are no cows—the Japanese neither drink milk nor eat meat. There are but few horses, and these are imported mainly for the use of foreigners. The wagons in the city streets are pulled and pus. 2d by coolles, and the pleasure carriages are drawn by men.

wagons in the city streets are pulled and pus.cc., by coolies, and the pleasure carriages are drawn by men.

There are but few dogs, and these are neither used as watchdogs, beasts of burden, nor in hunting, except by foreigners. There are no sheep in Japan, the wool is not used in clothing, silk and cotton being the staples. There are no pigs—pork is an unknown article of diet, and lard is not used in cooking. There are no goats or mules or donkeys. Wild animais there are, however—in particular, bears of enormous size. One of these Mr. Finck saw stuffed in a museum, and he describes it as being as "big as an ox." War, of course, is acquainting the Japanese with the use of animais. The army has cavalry horses and others to drag the field guns. The Empress also, in obvious imitation of European royalties, is an expert horsewoman, and saddle horses are kept for her use